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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

NOW.

When our dead are taken
From our sight,
All their faults and follies
Vanish quite.
All the little discords,
All the fret,
All the mood and puzzles,
Nothing but their sweetness
We recall,—
How they served us, pleased us,
That is all!
Only tender memories
Come to mind,
Love's dear recognitions
Sure and kind;
Fair as are the angels
Unto men,
Shine those vanquished faces
To us then.
When our dead have left us
What avails?
Can they hear our voice?—
Thick the veil
Drawn 'twixt sense and spirit
Who can know
If our love may follow
Where they go?
All our bitter yearning
Is in vain,
Though to pierce the darkness
We are vain.
Love has but its minute,
Its brief day,
Nor for any grieving
Will delay
Ere the cruel spoiler
Disallow,
If you love your loved ones,
Love them now.

STORY TELLER.

The Husband's Present.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a bitter cold night on the twenty-fourth of December. The snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon, riding half-way up the heavens, lent a crystalline lustre to the scene. In the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposeful village stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep out the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moonbeams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful footprints of the demon intemperance. Poor, wretched, debased, he looked, and such, in truth, he was.

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced and trellised enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such a one the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheek of the inebriate as he gazed upon the cottage, and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:

"Oh, thou fond home of my happier days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the idol of my soul, and within thy peaceful walls, God gave me two blessed children. My wife—God bless her gentle soul—was happy then, and my children—may heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost thee, as the fool loathes his own salvation! Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my heart drove us from your sheltering roof. And those six years! Oh, what misery, what agony, what sorrows, and what degradation, have they not brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy, and friends are gone—all, all gone! Oh, thou fatal cup—no, I will not blame thee! It was I, who did it! Year after year, I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that death and destruction lurked in thy smiles. But," and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man—I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken down hovel, sat a woman and two children—a boy and a girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices, and as its biting gusts swept through the rooms, the mother and her children crouched nearer to the few dying embers that still moldered upon the hearth. The only furniture were four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed; while in one corner, nearest the fire-place, was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting-place for brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance. It was pale and wan, and wet with tears. The faces of her children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardianship.

At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow-crust struck upon the

mother's ears, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly bed, and hardly had they crouched away beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man, whom we have already seen before that pretty cottage, entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed up into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when the mark of a tea-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that pearly drop was in truth a tear! No—perhaps a snow-flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some word to his wife, but at length he turned slowly away and silently undressed himself, and soon after his weary limbs had touched the bed, he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband, after he fell asleep. There was something strange in his manners—something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking; for his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demoniac look that rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful than otherwise; and—oh, heavens! is it possible?—a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as if of prayer, issued from his lips, while he yet slept!

That smile brought back to her the days of their betrothal. How vividly she remembered the scene and time when he had asked her to be his wife. It was in the old churchyard, and the full moon was rising over the treetops. Then the world was full of bliss, but, alas! what had it been since? A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, flitted before the heartbroken wife. But she could not grasp it—she had no foundation for it; and with a deep groan she let the phantom pass. She went to her children and drew the clothes more closely about them; then she knelt by their side, and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself, and left the house. His poor wife awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dared not. She would have told him that she had no fuel, no bread, nor anything with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had the children crawled from their resting place. A sound of footsteps was heard from without accompanied by a noise, as though a light sled were being dragged through the snow. The door opened and her husband entered. He laid upon the table a heavy wheat loaf, a small pail, and a paper bundle; then from his pocket he took another paper parcel, and again he turned towards the door. When next he entered he bore on his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then he bent over the fire place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and, while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:

"Kiss me, Lizzie."
Tightly that wife wound her arms about the neck of her husband, and as though the love of years were centered in that one kiss, she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he muttered, as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; "these things I have brought are for you and the children;" and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and tremblingly she examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the pail she found milk. One of the papers contained two smaller bundles—one of tea, and one of sugar—while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"Oh," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread out before her, "whence came these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he never did that! And then that look! that kiss!—those kind, sweet, sweet words! Oh, my poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that may only fall and crush thee!"

"Mother," at this moment spoke

her son, who had raised himself upon his elbow, "is our father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"Oh, tell me, mother—did he not come and kiss me and little Abby this morning?"

"Yes, yes—he did, he did!" cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him. "And mother," said the child, in low, trembling accent, while he turned a fearful look to his parent's face, "will not father be good to us once more?"

The mother could not speak—she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom, and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her children down to that morning's meal? At least, a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Abel Walker, a retired sea-captain of some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one at the door wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in, then," returned Walker.

"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir."

"Never mind," said the captain, after a moment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor fellow," he continued, after the servant had gone, "I wonder what he wants. In truth, I pity him." With trembling step and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "what has brought you here?"

The poor man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said Walker, in a blunt but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask you if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill."

"I do."

"And it is occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest.

"But why do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins, in a firm and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered, "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything that made life valuable, I have almost lost. My wife and children have suffered—and oh, God only knows how keenly! I have long wandered in the path of sin. One after another the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped in sunder; my name has become a byword, and upon the earth I have been but a foul blot. But, sir, henceforth, I am a man! Up from the depth of its long grave I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and in my heart there is no lie! My wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sins they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine-shop, and he has given me a situation, and is even anxious that I should come back; and, sir, he has been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food, and furniture. To-morrow morning I commence work."

"And you came to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in?" said Capt. Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir—to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on to job work, sir; and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year."

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Capt. Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart, I have; but one of my errands here was

to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then, in a trembling, but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand, "I have watched well your countenance, and weighed your words. I know you speak truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago, I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and it is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate, and in return I will take but a single note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair, and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when at length he returned he bore in his hand a neatly covered basket.

"Come come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some tid-bits for your wife and children. Take them home; if you are as happy in receiving my favor as I am in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"O God! God will bless you for this, sir!" exclaimed the kindness-stricken man; "and if I betray your confidence, may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket.

"If you have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street his tread was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his way homeward, he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was once more a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December had fallen over the snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins there was more of comfort than we found when first we visited her, but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days her husband had come home every evening, and gone away before daylight every morning, and during that time she knew that he had drank no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood, and every word that he had spoken had been kind affectionate.

To his children he had brought new shoes and warmer clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife, began to hope! And why should she not? For six years her husband had been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach; but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this new charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "isn't this the last night of the old year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, just as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that, we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again." The boy laid his curly head once more on his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless, watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away ere the snow-crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all there was open and bold—only those manly fea-

tures looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to-night, but business has detained me, and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask a second time," cried his wife, as she laid her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden. Ah, no questions! Remember your promise?"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what all this meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone bright, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out the twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins let the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife gazed up into her husband's countenance; but from the strange expression that rested there, she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length a short turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where years ago they had been so happy.

They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled away, and a path led up to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife tremblingly followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Capt. Walker, who ushered them into the parlor where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked neat and comfortable.

Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon the old man, and then upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors.

What could it mean.

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged cycle, is about to commence its flight over the earth!

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so: "Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the new year!"

The wife took the paper, and she opened it. She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of a wild, frantic joy, would not let her.

With a quick nervous movement she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom; and then, with a low murmur, like the gentle whispering of some heaven-bound angel, she fell fainting into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my children, gather about your father—for a husband and father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There—Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend here, will explain it all. O, Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall henceforth be our! Let the past be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace; and, with the warm tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen."

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance, and a happier, or a more respected family do not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle, confiding wife—as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again and again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps

tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering, blinding pile, at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her husband's present.—*Yankee Blade.*

A NEW YORK SHOP GIRL.

HER DAY'S RECORD OF CHEERFULNESS, PATIENCE AND SWEET TEMPER.

A woman who had occasion to purchase household furnishings there lately tells this story to her friends: "I went down into a basement where they kept these things, and I wanted more things than I could begin to enumerate, even to myself, all the way from a rolling pin to a refrigerator—ranging through butter plates, stove lids and waste baskets. Well, I just put myself into the hands of a nice girl with dark hair and a kind countenance, who looked so delightfully capable and self-reliant that I confided to her I wanted to furnish a flat and didn't half know what I ought to purchase.

"You see," I said, "I never furnished a house before, and it's so confusing to have to buy pillows and flat irons and kitchen clocks. They always seemed just to be there like the walls of the house or the sunlight, and I get all mixed up when I try to remember what people ought to have when they begin life in one of those dreadfully empty flats. I know I ought to buy a new pepper box, and a wash-board, and curtain poles, but what else!"

"That girl had a kind heart, and was too clever and sensible for anything.

She gave me one comprehensive glance, and went and fetched a printed list that was made especially for young housekeepers, and has on it the name of anything they could by any possibility be likely to want for the dining room, kitchen and laundry.

Then she sat down on one pantry step ladder and I on another, and she read off each thing and checked it off if I thought I wanted it. After that she took me to the front of the shop, got out a huge clothes basket and began showing me samples of each thing we had marked off—seventy in all there were. She knew exactly where each and every one of those seventy things were kept and the prices of all three grades of every one.

"As soon as I would make my selection she would put it in the basket, and in one hour I had filled the whole list, had the bill and paid it.

Then she told me where to get everything else I needed, and just what it cost and what counter I could find it at, and the best sort of goods to buy for my purpose. As far as the house furnishings goods are concerned, I found she carried every single detail of that vast establishment in her head. I didn't question her concerning clothes, but I am firmly convinced she could have dressed me from top to toe and then sent me to the book counter and selected the literature best suited to the calibre of my intellect.

She had been on her feet since 8 o'clock, working hard all the while, pulling down goods, carrying them about, making up people's minds for them, being continually crowded and jostled and asked four hundred thousand questions on as many different subjects, and yet at 3 o'clock, when I left her, she was gentle, civil, obliging and ready to do anything asked of her, with apparently as much interest in getting the things for my house as I had myself. I doubt if there are many women in the upper world of New York who could show such a day's record of cheerfulness, patience and sweet temper."—*New York World.*

Sulphate of Magnesia Good for Warts.

"Why don't you get rid of that wart?" asked a doctor in Bellevue Hospital, pointing to the *Mail and Express* reporter's hand which was disfigured.

"I'd like to, very well," said the reporter, "but I don't know how. I've had it cut out and burned away, but it only grows again."

"Take a small dose, daily, of sulphate of magnesia," said the doctor. "I have known of a severe case being cured in a fortnight by the patient swallowing ten grains a day, and the worst case I ever knew was cured in a month by a daily dose of a drachm and a half. Take the stuff internally. It isn't a wash or a caustic."

AN OIL KING'S WILL.

HOW A PENNSYLVANIA COUNTY LOST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

"A delay of fifteen seconds, caused by the dropped of a pen with which a man was to sign his name to a will, lost to Warren county \$100,000 once," said a lawyer in Warren, Pa., to a farmer who had dropped his pen on the floor just as he was about to put his signature on some important papers.

"The dropping of a pen has always made me nervous and uncomfortable ever since," he continued.

"H. R. Rouse, of Enterprise, Warren county, was one of the pioneer oil operators on Oil Creek, and in the spring of 1861 his wells were yielding him a daily revenue larger than the average man's yearly income, says the *Oil City Blizard.*

"The first great oil well fire in the history of the oil regions occurred in April, 1861, when the Hawley & Merriek well suddenly began spouting oil and gas in such quantities that the oil ran to waste and flowed over the ground in all directions and the gas filled the air for a quarter of a mile around, finally reaching an engine-house, where the fire of the boiler ignited it.

"The result was acres of roaring flames, which enveloped the spectators that had assembled to witness the then great novelty of a flowing well.

"How many persons were burned up in that awful fire was never ascertained, but twenty are known to have perished.

"H. R. Rouse was on the ground when the explosion occurred and was hurled into the thickest of the conflagration. Two men, one of them named Uriah Smith, now living near Mercer, rushed into the terrible mass of fire and dragged him out in time.

"Both rescuers were terribly burned and were months in recovering from the results of their dash into that fierce sea of fire and boiling oil to rescue the oil prince.

"Rouse's clothing was burned from his body, which was one mass of blisters. His eyes were burned to a crisp in their sockets, and his ears, hands and hair burned off. He was carried to a house at a safe distance.

"The explosion occurred at 6 p.m., and in spite of his frightful condition he lived until the next morning. He never lost consciousness, and as soon as everything that could be done for him was done he began the dictation of his will.

"The intense agony he suffered made this a slow job, and when the will was finished it was morning. When the document was ready for his signature the person who had done the writing dipped the pen in the ink bottle, but in reaching it toward the dying man's outstretched hand he dropped it.

"The pen rolled in under the table, and at least a delay of a quarter of a minute occurred before it could be recovered. When it was found and placed in Mr. Rouse's hand, he was powerless to use it.

"The brave old prince was dead. In his will, he had bequeathed the sum of \$100,000 to the poor fund of Warren county. He had also left \$100 each to the men who preserved him from being cremated alive.

The will being without his signature was, of course, legally inoperative, and his heirs did not think it incumbent upon them to carry out his wishes, although they were expressed under such extraordinary circumstances.

"The county lost its legacy, which was not so much to be wondered at, as the sum was not very large, but the non-payment of the two \$100 bequests to the men who, at the risk of their own lives, had saved the unfortunate oil speculator to his family, at least for Christian burial, was long a matter of much comment in the oil regions."

Injection in the heart.

Dr. Engram of Buenavista, Ga., visited a negro woman who had a congestive chill. He thought she would die very soon, but prepared some brandy and ammonia to inject hypodermically for temporary relief. When he returned to the patient she was pulseless, her heart had ceased beating, she was dead. As an experiment, he says, with no expectation of the results that followed, he inserted the syringe directly over the heart, and pressed it slowly until he thought that it touched that organ, and injected the brandy and ammonia. Very soon the heart began beating feebly, before long the pulse was perceptible, and at last accounts the woman was getting well.—*New York Sun.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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A Warning to Deaf-mutes.

A DEAF-MUTE, giving the name of "Bertie Vincent," is wandering from city to city victimizing deaf-mutes by an ingenious swindling scheme. He pretends to repair watches, and when broken or poorly-regulated time pieces are confided to his care, he skips to some other town with the property, and again plays the trick on unsuspecting deaf-mutes. Last week, our Easton, Pa., correspondent (who, by the way, is too worldly wise to be taken in by any swindler) recorded a couple of instances of Vincent's swindling. This week, in a letter from Trenton, N. J., which we publish, will be found some additional information concerning the same scamp. Vincent's Trenton work made the deaf-mutes of that city just twenty-eight dollars poorer than they were before he made their acquaintance. Deaf-mutes everywhere should look out for him. As our correspondents did not describe his personal appearance, we can not publish anything that will lead to his recognition. A sure way, however, to escape being the victims of confidence men and swindlers, is to "trust no" stranger, no matter how plausible or agreeable he may be.

We have received a copy of the proceedings of the six reunions of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. All are bound in one book, with cloth cover and monogram of the Association, in gold, stamped thereon. The records cover 220 octavo pages, and contain the names of all members and statistical tables giving particulars concerning them. One part would no doubt interest Prof. Bell, as it has a direct bearing upon the intermarriage question. There have been 474 deaf-mutes connected with the Association since its inception. Of these 262 were married. In some cases the wives of the deaf-mutes did not attend the reunions, so that the number of deaf-mute couples is not represented by half of 262. The number of marriages was 176. Three hundred and fifty children were the result of these marriages, and of this number 330 possess the senses of hearing and speech. Twenty children were born deaf; but they come from only fourteen families, and to these fourteen families were born forty children, who both hear and speak. All who are interested in the theory of "a deaf variety of the human race" are invited to investigate the facts above recorded.

A Cure for Deafness.

Dr. Marshall gives many illustrations of morbid fancies or fictitious ailments, and some of them are so curious as to read more like the revelations of Miss Braddon or Mr. Wilkie Collins than the quasi-official statement of a sober military surgeon of the old school: "A recruit of those days * * * alleged that he had almost totally lost the sense of hearing (and it may be here incidentally observed that a simulator of deafness is rarely discovered), and to support his statements, the surgeon of the depot admitted him to the hospital and fed him on spoon diet. He purposely passed his bed during his daily visit for nine days without noticing him. On the tenth day he felt his pulse and made signs to him to put out his tongue; and then asked the hospital sergeant what diet he gave him." "Spoon diet," replied the sergeant. The doctor affected to be displeased, and in a low tone said: "Are you not ashamed of yourself? The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have a beef-steak and a pint of porter." The recruit could contain himself no longer. With a countenance expressive of gladness and gratitude, he said: "God Almighty bless your honor; you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day."—*London Hospital.*

Lecture.

Prof. William Gladstone Jones, of Fanwood, will deliver a lecture under the auspices of St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes, for the benefit of the Peet Memorial Fund, on Thursday evening, November 15th, in the Union's Rooms, 23 Sidney Place, Brooklyn. Subject, "Selections from Shakespeare." The Union extends a cordial invitation to all to attend. Tickets only a dime.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. Owen Hughes went to Dalton, Mass., where he made a call on Miss Emma Tilton.

BORN—October 26th 1888, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Amos A. Ladd. Mother and baby doing well.

J. M. Stout, the celebrated deaf-mute bicycle rider, was married to Miss Emma Mitchell on Thursday, November 1st.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York City, visited the Mission of the Infant's Saviour last Friday, and was pleased with what he saw.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, have moved to No. (new) 1065 Broadway at the junction of Reid Avenue and Pulaski Street.

It is rumored that Miss McGinn, a teacher at the Mississippi Institution, died there, of typhoid fever, on the 29th of October, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

On the 18th of October, Mrs. George Homer and daughter visited the tomb of General Grant, little knowing what had happened at home. Mr. George Homer was buried at Mount Auburn.

After date meetings of St. Joseph's Union, of Brooklyn, will be held on Thursdays instead of Wednesdays. Great preparations are being made by the lecture by Prof. Jones.

The Deaf-Mute Charitable Relief Society will give a calico party at 18 Essex Street, Boston, Mass., November 21st. Admission, 15 cents. Refreshments will be served, and games indulged in.

Daniel Manning of Brattleboro, V. T., was educated at Mackay Institution in Montreal. He received a copy of the JOURNAL from Oliver Bastion, and likes it so well that he intends to subscribe for it.

Rev. A. W. Mann wishes to know the names of deaf-mutes living in and near Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania. Please write him at once, at 123 Arlington Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Florence Willey, of Lockport, N. Y., and Miss Annie Putman, of Saratoga Springs, have been at the Sherman House, in Moriah, N. Y., all summer. At a Baptist society held there, Miss Willey recited one of Tennyson's poems in the sign language. Mrs. Rhoda Barnard is also stopping at Moriah.

Mr. Alvin W. Anthony's father, Mr. S. H. Anthony, of Bethlehem, formerly Proprietor of Craig's Hotel, Lehigh Gap, has rented the Walnut Port Hotel, and will take possession this coming April. Hope their friends will give them a summer call.

W. M. Allman of Sturgis and Herbert H. Smith of Lima, have opened a private bank at Churubusco, Ind., with Thomas S. Beals, Jr., as cashier. The firm is one that the people of Churubusco can place confidence in, as they are worthy and well qualified men. Mr. Allman will remain in Sturgis as cashier of the National bank.—*Sturgis, Mich., Journal.*

Frank Widaman, of Irwin, Pa., returned from Mt. Pleasant, Pa., where has been on a visit, not long since. While there was a guest of Hotel Jordan, a semi-mute, Ben Hurst, called on the evening of Sunday. After an introduction was given, they both spent a few hours talking politics and about the newspaper business. We found Ben quite an intelligent young fellow and master of the English language. He is at present engaged in the job room of the Mt. Pleasant Journal office as foreman, and has been at work for more than fifteen years. In an interview, he said that it was his intention to go to Iowa some time next January, where he will conduct the publication of a newspaper. Although he never attended any institution for the deaf, he can use the single-hand alphabet well.

Rev Gallaudet's Appointment.

Nov. 11—Christ Church, Tarrytown, 7:30 P.M.
" 17—St. Paul's Guild Room, Troy, 7:30 P.M.
" 18—St. Paul's Church, Albany, 3 P.M., Holy Communion.
" 19—Buffalo, particulars hereafter.
" 23—Rochester, particulars hereafter.
" 25—Palmyra, particulars hereafter.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Nov. 9—Dayton, O., 7:30 P.M.,
Nov. 11—St. Louis, 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion and sermon.
Nov. 11—St. Louis, 3:00 P.M., evening prayer and sermon.
Nov. 12—Springfield, Mo., 7:30 P.M.,
Nov. 13—Joliet, Ill., 7:30 P.M.,
Nov. 18—Indianapolis, usual hours.
Nov. 28—Terre Haute, 7:30 P.M.,
It became necessary to change the appointment for Indianapolis from Nov. 9th, to 18th.

Rev. J. Chamberlain's Appointments.

Friday, Nov. 9th, Woonsocket, R. I.
Saturday, Nov. 10th, Providence, R. I.
Sunday, Nov. 11th, Providence, R. I.
Monday, Nov. 12th, Wakefield, Mass.
Tuesday, Nov. 13th, Newburyport, Mass.
Wednesday, Nov. 14th, Saco, Maine.
Thursday, Nov. 15th, Lewiston, Maine.
Friday, Nov. 16th, Portland, Maine.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Defeat at Annapolis.

SCORE, FOUR TO NOTHING.

Odds and Ends

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The Kendalls went to Annapolis last Saturday to play the Naval Cadets, and met with their usual luck. They were defeated by a score of 4 to 0, in one of the hardest fought battles in which they have ever engaged. Although our team is a heavy one, averaging 155 pounds, our men were as nothing to the Cadets who averaged 172 pounds, and whose rush line was etated to average 181 pounds. The game was called at 2.45, Mr. Fremier, captain of the Cadet team, at that time disabled, being chosen referee, and Mr. Schoff, of St. John's College, umpire. Both of these gentlemen discharged their duties in a highly satisfactory manner. The Cadets won the kick-off, and adopting their old tactics, the ball was passed back to the half, who, taking up his position in the centre of a phalanx composed of the rush line, tried to force the ball up the field. The rush line was broken in a moment, the flank turned and the ball downed. Several scrimmages followed, in the course of one of which Taylor, '92, made a dive through the rush line and seized the quarter-back, the latter losing his hold of the ball in the collision. Leitner, the omnipresent, picked the ball up and after a sharp run landed it in goal. The cadet who dropped the ball, however, claimed that he had cried "down," before it was dropped, and the referee ruled the touch-down illegal. The playing went on all through the first half without either side scoring any thing, though it was evident that the Kendalls were playing against heavy odds. The game was desperately fought, charging and forcing being the order of the day, and very little kicking being attempted. The superior stature and weight of the Cadets gave them great advantage in these tactics. In the second half, the Cadets made their single touch-down. The play had been very close and the ball had been steadily going towards the Kendalls' end of the field. When within a few yards of the goal line, a daring rush by one of the Cadet half-backs carried the ball across the line, scoring the few points in the game. The game then went on without incident till the close. The players of the two teams were as follows:

KENDALLS.	POSITIONS.	CADETS.
Jump, Taylor, James, Leitner, Clark, Stewart, Hagerty, Regensberg, Brown, Hemstreet, Round.	Fullback, Halfback, Quarterback, Rushers, Snapback, Irwin, Rushers.	Brand, Patton, Taylor, Cadlin, Emrich, Puchozka, Chase, Bewely, Ruhme, Williams.

The game was an excellent one, and considering the disadvantage as regarded weight under which the Kendalls labored, our men have every reason to be proud of their performance. All of the Kendalls did exceedingly well, and all are deserving of praise, but the pluck which Leitner displayed throughout the game, and the tenacity with which Regensberg clung to the ball, are especially worthy of mention.

The Kendalls are to play the Duponts Wednesday after next, and an exciting game is expected. Two of the members of the Dupont eleven played on the Johns Hopkins team last year, another is a old Harvard player, and a fourth is Church, who gained such a reputation on the Yale team several years ago.

At the meeting of the Literary Society last Friday, the essay of the day and evening was delivered by Long, '89 his subject being "Charlotte Corday." His sketch of the life and punishment of this fair criminal was interesting, and was heartily applauded. A debate on the question, "Resolved, that the rejection by the Senate of the Canadian fisheries treaty was justifiable," followed between Messrs. Washburn, '90, and Taylor, '92, on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Hagerty, '90, and Whildin, '92, on the negative. The debate was a spirited one, and the administration and the senate were set forth in no very attractive light, but the judges thought that the negative side had presented the stronger case, and so decided. A laughable dialogue between Messrs. Barton, '92, and De Long, '93, followed, but its very unusual length inclined some to think that it was too much of a good thing. Mr. Schwartz, '89, declaimed Bryant's "African Chief," and the exercises concluded with a very fair and impartial criticism of the whole by the acting critic, Mr. Hemstreet, '89. The last meeting of the term will be held on November 16th, when Mr. Ballard, of the Kendall School, will address the society.

The gymnasium began its year's work last Thursday, and all students will be expected to attend four hours a week from now until May. The building has been repainted and other useful made ready for use. The push and pull statistics were taken last Friday, and the annual measurement of the students will be made this week by Adams, '89. The introductory class has been measured for its new suits, and these will be ready in a few days. A large reduction from the usual price is made in favor of our students.

Beardell, '91, who is laid up with a

broken leg, is on the rapid way to recovery. He was out on crutches last Friday, for the first time since the accident. It will be a week or two yet before he is fully recovered, and he will not be able to do much work on the foot-ball team this season—that is, supposing, after such an accident, he is at all anxious to distinguish himself in such a way.

The Second eleven is coming into some prominence, being now quite as strong as the first eleven was two or three years ago. Last Wednesday it played a game with the 'Oriens' from the city, and although the visitors were considerably heavier, the score at the end of the game was nothing for each side. The clubs will play again next Tuesday, and an interesting game is anticipated. The second eleven is doing excellent work in training men for positions on the first.

The Literary Society held its regular monthly business meeting last Saturday morning. There was barely a quorum present, most of the absentees having gone to Annapolis to participate in the foot-ball game. Nothing but routine business was transacted, except that it was decided to hold no meeting on November 30th, as that date is one of the Thanksgiving holidays.

The Republican Club was photographed by Washburn, '90, last Monday. The negative is a very good one, and quite a number of copies have been ordered. Our amateur photographer is thinking of taking negatives of all the important features of the Green, and permitting such students as may desire, to have an album of photographs made from them. Arrangements are being made for a game between the Kendalls and the St. John's College eleven, to take place in the Washington base ball park, on November 17th. The proceeds of the game will be used to defray future expenses of the team, and also, if possible, to secure new uniforms.

Before election day, there has come a lull, and very little is said about politics. None of the students have gone home to vote. Every one, however, is anxious to know the result, and to have it all over.

Miss Kitty Gallaudet will visit Washington in the latter part of November.

Mr. Ballard preached last Sunday, his text being Ecclesiastes 12:15.

November 5, 1888.

DIED.

In Albion, N. Y., after a long and severe illness, of typhoid fever, Henry Alwood Bruner, Jr., oldest son of the editor and proprietor of the *Orleans American*, died at the house of his father, Friday morning at 10.45, October 26th, 1888. He was twenty-one years and seventeen days old. A large number of friends and neighbors, and also G. H. Taft and Misses C. A. Talcott and C. D. Wood, of the Rochester Deaf-Mute Institution, attended the funeral on Sunday afternoon. Services were conducted by Rev. A. C. Osborne and Prof. Z. F. Westervelt of the school. The bearers were Delos Birdsall, Willie Skidmore, Lincoln Thompson and Lyman Roberts, who were his classmates, and two Albion friends. The beautiful casket was covered with flowers, one piece being a floral maltese cross, the emblem of the "Ten Club" of the king's sons, to which he belonged. He was buried in beautiful Mount Albion. At the grave, Nellie Leshar, a sweet little deaf-mute girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Leshar, of Albion, N. Y., kneeled and recited the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language. It was very impressive. The deceased was a member of the First Baptist Church in Rochester, N. Y. His uncle, Ward Smith, feels very sad at parting with him. He was his best companion.

A Card of Correction.

An article in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, under the headline of "Cincinnati," to the effect that the G. O. Fay Society "was awarded the honor of having beaten their competitors (Anderson Society), by the vivid partiality of the judges, composed of Columbus mutes."

There is not a particle of truth in the above article, as it will seem that Mr. McMaster who judged, lives in Chillicothe, fifty miles south of here, and not a long way from Cincinnati, that of the other judge, Mrs. Mary Duncanson, had lived a few miles from Cincinnati all her life until this fall, when she married and moved here. Mr. P. Pratt was the only member of our society, appointed to judge. The three judges, Messrs. Pratt and McMaster and Mrs. Duncanson, were selected by President Rembeck of the Anderson Society, and they gave the best satisfaction according to their ability. Neither was partiality shown.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN S. LERN,

President Fay Society.

Notice.

The Holy Communion is to be administered at Trinity Chapel, Newark, next Sunday morning, November 11th, at eleven.

Service is to be conducted also in St. Mark's Parish House, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, at half past four. All are invited to attend these services. The Bible Class for deaf mutes is to meet Thursday, November 16th, at eight o'clock, in the west aisle of St. Ann's church, giving opportunity for visiting the Fair, which be then in progress in the Sunday school rooms.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Apollo Club Social.

DEATH OF AN AGED DEAF-MUTE.

A WEDDING—OTHER NEWS.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

In the Club hall, last Tuesday evening, the members of the Apollo Social Club and their friends participated in several kind of games, which amused them all a great deal, in honor of "All Hallowe'en." Every one who witnessed or took part in the games, said they never saw such original games, which the President of the club invented. Just before the close of the party, refreshments, consisting of grapes, apples, chestnuts, English-walnuts, cream, nuts, etc., were served.

Miss Mary R. Pratt, of Norristown, Pa., was seen out shopping in the city last Wednesday morning. She returned home at the noon-tide, accompanied by a friend.

Last Tuesday evening, Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett bought fourteen books, viz: "Hours with the Bible," "Works of Shakespeare," "Beauties and Achievements of the Blind," "Dickens' History of England," "The Sketch Book," "Fifteen Decisive Battles," Hawthorne's "Champion Book of Recitations," Lamb's "Essays of Elia," "Smiles' Brief Biographies," Anderson's "History of the United States," "Royal Reader," "National Fourth Reader," Hilliard's "Fifth Reader," "National Reading Book," London School "Sixth Reader," for the club library.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. Samuel G. Davidson delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Australia and its Surrounding Islands," before the Clerc Literary Association, and its friends, in its meeting hall.

The Monthly Business Meeting of Apollo Club was held last night in its hall. The treasurer reported that over sixty dollars were received during the last month, and about \$27 were expended, while the treasury has \$35.25, besides the dues to be collected for November. It is a good and encouraging showing of the club's progress.

The club accepted the invitation from Mr. Alvin W. Anthony, inviting our club to have its annual camping out in the grove near his hotel in Walnutport, on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad line, next summer. The club will welcome all deaf-mutes of this city, or who sit in town, to enjoy themselves with the members during the whole day and evening on the coming Thanksgiving Day. The members will do their best to entertain their friends and strangers.

Messrs. Washington Houston, President of Clerc Literary Association; Coyle, President of the Abbe de l'Epee Catholic Society; and Pollock, all of Frankford; Fields, Secretary of the Abbe de l'Epee Catholic Society; Fisher, Cole, W. Weaver, Treasurer of the Abbe de l'Epee Catholic Society, were admitted as visitors to the club in the evening.

Mr. Chas. H. Sharrar made a present of two volumes of the Life and Memoirs of General U. S. Grant," to the club.

The club receives copies of "The Fountain" every month, of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine*.

"Resolved, That water is more useful than fire," will be discussed by the Daniel Webster Debating Circle, in the Apollo Club Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 13th. All deaf-mutes are cordially welcome on the occasion. The following scraps were inserted in different papers:

THE MANUFACTURER SPEECHLESS.

"The wife of James Davana, a democrat and a shoemaker of New Canaan, Conn., is a tailoress. A clothing manufacturer, a rampant republican, met Davana on the street not long ago. He told him how the republican party protected the American working man, and declared that the tariff was reduced the country would go to the demilition howlows. When he got a chance Jim said: 'My boy went to your clothing store the other day to buy a pair of pants, didn't he?' 'Yes,' replied the manufacturer. 'They were all wool and a fine pair.' 'I know that,' replied Davana, 'but my wife made the same pair of pants for you for 81 cents. Now, I'd like to know where the other \$5.19, goes to.' The manufacturer said nothing but left suddenly.—*New York Herald.*

There is a little girl in Cambridge who, at one time, thought God must be deaf, because He didn't answer her prayer to make grandmamma well. The beloved grandmamma continues ill, and the child continues her prayers; and the other night she uttered another cry of the heart regarding the matter.

"Mamma," she said, "I know God is always slow, but isn't He very, very slow?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Ephraim Mayes was hanged yesterday, at Edgelyfield, South Carolina, for the murder, in December last, of Jacob Burt, an aged deaf-mute. He confessed his crime on the scaffold. Burt's wife and daughter were implicated in the crime, and were sentenced to be hanged with Mayes, but the Governor pardoned the daughter, and commuted the wife's sentence to imprisonment for life.

There are six men in Indiana who have not heard a single political speech during the present campaign. They are deaf and dumb.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Miss Mary Rhoads Pratt and Mr. Wm. Henry Lipsett, both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, will be married at the bride's residence in Norristown, Pa., next Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock. They and their relatives will come to Philadelphia as soon as the ceremony is over, and will hold a wedding reception, at the groom's abode in this city at half past eight o'clock, to their re-

latives, and another reception on the next evening (Thursday) to the members of Apollo Social Club and friends. On Friday morning, the bride and the groom will go on a tour to New York and Brooklyn for a few days.

Mr. J. P. Walker is acting as interpreter in the case of Dougherty vs. Dougherty, before Judge Biddle, Court of Common Pleas, No. 1. The Plaintiff, James Dougherty, who is a deaf-mute, sues his brother for monies' due on wages and loans.

The Lord's Supper was celebrated by all Souls' Mission Congregation, at St. Stephen's Parish Building, last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Ann Young, wife of Robert Young, died last Thursday week, after a brief illness, though she had long been a consumptive. Mrs. Young, nee Reilly, was one of the oldest graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, having been admitted when David G. Seixas was the principal. Her age is said to have been eighty-one years. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and her remains are in Fernwood Cemetery.

Only three of the original pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf now survive. They are John Carlin, of New York; Mrs. M. A. Paulin, of this city, and Mrs. E. Jacques, of Frankford.

E. J. Adams, Jr., the colored member of the class of '90, of the National Deaf-Mute College, who, it was reported, was to become a horse jockey, has a job in a printing office, at 717 Sansom Street, this city, and reports that he is doing well.

The teachers at the Philadelphia Institution for the Deaf discussed the advisability of moving the school to the country at their meeting last Thursday week.

Mrs. J. Leslie Hoopes, of Pine Grove, was visiting the Institution the other day.

THE RECORDER.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4, '88.

ROUNDABOUT NOTES.

RANDOM PENCILINGS ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE DEAF.

In a previous issue of the "Notes," we took occasion to point out what appeared to us a rather surprising error upon the part of the Editor of the *Annals*, in his comments on "Mental Conditions and Characteristics," in ascribing to the deaf a peculiar preference for the society of their deaf fellows rather than for that of the hearing. Since then we have had opportunities of observing some criticisms of our remarks as being uncalled for, as the Editor simply stated a fact in all friendliness, without further comment. It is our good fortune to be personally acquainted with the gentleman, and we believe he is the last man that would permit unfairness, much less prejudice, to bias his expressions. As an instructor of the deaf of lifelong experience, and an authority upon all that concerns them, he stands without a superior. Indeed, were it not for this knowledge of the man, and our sincere respect for his zeal and devotion to the cause of the deaf, his statement would not have occasioned a moment's consideration from us. It has become so common for the deaf to be maligned by theoretical upstarts that it becomes doubly painful to find staunch friends apparently turning against them.

Our desire and aim at all times is to be candid and unbiased in these "Notes," and in our former articles we believe we have adhered to this policy. We did not question the honesty of the Editor, but we did, and still do, think that the statement made and deplored should have been followed by a qualifying clause. In simple justice to the deaf, the alleviating circumstance that they are debarred by the rudeness or thoughtlessness of the hearing from associating with them, should have been pointed out and fully commented upon. We do not say that the omission was intentional, for it very probably escaped the attention of the Editor at the time. Of one thing we feel very certain, and that is such an authority will not fail to be quoted with infinite relish by those interested parties, who are but too anxious to show that the present institution system of educating the deaf is a colossal failure, as a means of restoring (?) the deaf to society. We are well aware that the life of an editor is not a bed of roses, and we can believe that our friends would not willingly cast a false imputation on the deaf, but assertions coming from such an authority without any attempt to explain the why or wherefore, can not fail to set intelligent deaf-mutes to thinking, and to enquiring whether they are justly treated.

To speak candidly, we feel very keenly on this subject. Our own experience, and that of almost every deaf-mute we know, shows how difficult it is for the deaf to enjoy any extensive social intercourse with the hearing. Beginning at schools where as teachers they are continually imposed upon by the favored hearing, it continues through all grades of life. Rebuff after rebuff meets them in all their attempts at conversation, for beyond a casual gesture, a few words written on a pad, or spelt on the alphabet, they cannot hold the attention of their hearing friends who happen to have others near by with whom they can talk. This applies as much to educated deaf-mutes as it does to those whose knowledge of language is more limited.

Take for instance one of our great conventions of teachers and observe how the deaf are treated by those who, above all others, should use them fairly. Are they not clearly regarded as inferiors? Five minutes after some learned instructor has finished pointing out the remedy for certain defects in the deaf, you will find him talking away contentedly with his *confreres*, and should a deaf person happen to question his lordship, he thinks it nothing to turn aside from the deaf questioner to answer the enquiry of the least of those who can hear. It looks rather like a toleration of the deaf than a manifestation of a sincere interest in them. Contrast this with the cordial manner with which the deaf greet each other, and the readiness with which they enter into and enjoy a conversation; a vast difference is at once discerned. There is no 'I am better than thou' air about them, but a mutual interchange of views in as pleasant a vein as possible.

There are two sides to every discussion, and our hearing friends keep continually harping on the one string that pleases their musical ears. In their benevolent anxiety to remove the mote from the eye of their deaf neighbours, they most conscientiously neglect the beam that obscures their own vision. For in all their zealous endeavors to rectify errors in the deaf—to prevent 'intermarriage' and to do away with 'clannishness,'—it is most amusing to observe how religiously they overlook all the deceptions practiced on the deaf, as well as the many petty acts of meanness they are compelled to endure.

It would be unfair, however, to deny that there are some very notable exceptions to whom these remarks do not apply. We are acquainted with noble men and women, with whom we are always sure of a pleasant conversation, and whom our deafness does not confine to mere monosyllabic replies to our questions. Yet few of the great many whose names shine forth as benefactors of the deaf, really deserve the appellation. Those who deserve to be honored as exceptions are readily recognized, and they have the love and esteem of grateful pupils, who cherish them as rare jewels.

Though it be wicked and uncharitable to harbor such a wish, for the sake of convincing the skeptics, especially those in the profession, we should like them to experience just one year of profound deafness, with all that it implies, and then tells us candidly whether, in the matter of 'clannishness,' the deaf are not more sinned against than sinning.

THE OBSERVER.

AN ENJOYABLE PARTY.

A very select party of young gentlemen, mostly representatives of the now popular Fanwood Social Club, accompanied by their lady friends, assembled at the cosy home, of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kircher, in East 11th Street, near Avenue B, last Sunday afternoon, October 28th, 1888. The purpose of this gathering was to do honor to the christening of the new addition to the household of the host and hostess. Invitations were issued to a few intimate friends, so that there could be enough room left in which games and the like could be played.

The writer, who was about the last one to enter, found many new faces among the gentle sex. They were beautiful to behold, dressed in silks, satins, and the like. After greetings, the party began to indulge in various kinds of games, such as forfeits, post-office, etc., until it was supper time, when all sat down to a fine collation, such as could hardly be had at any such gathering as this, and the writer feels in duty bound to congratulate Mrs. Kircher on her good cooking ability. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Tillman and Mrs. Michael McFaul, of Brooklyn, wife of one of Old Fanwood's former sprinter. Supper over, all went back to the parlor, where other games were indulged in until nearly midnight, when the party broke up for their respective homes, feeling that the affair is not a thing soon to be forgotten by those who enjoyed it.

Among those who were present were: Mr. Paul Rosenacker, President of the club, and the most of fascinating Miss Mary E. Finn; Mr. Andy McDonald and Miss Bella McLaren; Mr. Adolph Reininger and Miss Katie Baldwin; Mr. William Allen and Miss Grace Denvis; Mr. Morris Hanneman and Miss Rosie Lackas, of Brooklyn; Mr. Joseph Lonergan and Miss Annie Ryan; Mr. John C. Reilly, chairman of the forthcoming ball, and Miss Bessie Buchner; Mr. and Mrs. Michael McFaul and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tillman. Among the bachelors that the writer espied were

NEW YORK.

The Flyaways Meet and Elect Officers.

ALL HALLOWE'EN CELEBRATED BY A PARTY IN BROOKLYN

Comments--Personal and Otherwise.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

On Friday evening last occurred in Beumermann's hostelry, the second meeting of the Flyaway Harriers. The increase in the attendance was extremely gratifying, and an evidence that the object of the club is one that cannot fail to interest the younger, and in a number of cases, the older members of the deaf-mute fraternity of the metropolis.

Among those present were Messrs. Tweed and McConnell, representing the Silentia Harriers. They were delegated by the latter organization, to make arrangements for the cross-country run on Election Day. With this, they also asked to have their names enrolled as members of the club. Both being sprinters of some note, the advantage of their addition to the club will at once be manifest.

The other business transacted was the election of Messrs. Sansom and Lounsbury to interview Manager Fox, of the Silentia, and complete final details, a permanent board of officers were elected, as follows: Chas. Byran, President; John F. O'Brien, Secretary; Fred W. Meinken, Treasurer; W. H. Rose, Captain--Messrs. Le Clercq, Beumermann, Sansom and Lounsbury, will, with the officers elected, constitute a Board of Managers.

"Dry Goods" Stratton, who is now in active training as the coming "one-mile-walk champion" of the club, distributed to the club the colors that will distinguish the Flyaways from their opponents on Election Day, and also presented a very neat badge of red and white, the handiwork of Mrs. Fred Stratton, which will be worn by the friends of the club, who go to see the start and finish.

A short speech by the President Byran, on to the point on the success of the club by "Viscount" Rose, and minor remarks by other members on probable plans for the future, ended the meeting. Twelve of the members showed their ability as runners in a race down the Boulevard from 96th Street to 59th Street, every one of whom finished the distance in good time.

The rest we leave till next week, when we hope to have an interesting account of the first cross-country run of the Flyaway Harriers, and a large number of names in addition to the sixteen young men already enrolled.

The *Evening Sun* of Saturday had an account of the meeting, and the *Sun* of Sunday commented upon the object of the organization as one worthy of congratulation to the mutes concerned in the movement.

The near approach of Election Day has the effect of absorbing the attention of everybody in a more or less extent as to the lucky candidate.

Among the deaf-mutes, the same state of affairs is manifest. During the week, there have been no end of disputes for and against the two leading presidential candidates, while the over those on the local tickets has waxed strong and furious. Fortunately, the discussions have not ended in bloodshed. However, more than a dozen will find themselves minus much hard-earned cash on reading the returns following the election.

All Hallowe'en was celebrated in naval reckless way by the small boy of New York. Unlike their country cousins, they pay more attention to ducking themselves, and often passers-by, with flour, than they do to ducking for apples.

Over in Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Ryer, had a large company of friends, the deaf-mutes and hearing people being about equally divided. Two excellent portraits of the present President observed on entering the spacious rooms of the couple, demonstrated their firm faith in Democratic principles.

The event was made merry by pastimes usual to All Hallowe'en. Ducking for apples was one feature. They who succeeded in removing an apple from the bottom of the tub of water, were rewarded by a memento in the shape of a useful present. It was pronounced a very enjoyable occasion.

Brooklynites and Gothamites having occasion to cross the Brooklyn Bridge, or Fulton Ferry, may be pleased to learn Mr. Charles W. Green, known to many of them as a "right jolly good fellow," and who can converse with the alphabet and sign-language admirably, has opened a first-class oyster saloon on Fulton near Washington Street. It occupies the store under the Consod House. Charlie would be pleased to see his mute friends, when their palates remind them of the health and wealth of the luscious bivalve, the more sedate clam, or still more lively lobster.

Mr. William J. Reilly, who while at the N. Y. Institute and for many years after graduating, was one of the liveliest mutes here about, is but a mere shadow of his former self. His indomitable will to get the best of his sickness is probably the cause of his having survived so long. His many friends will be glad to learn that though now very low, a relapse may set in for the better, and with his

pluck, he may be up and around among us again.

A large congregation at St. Ann's Sunday last, had the pleasure of witnessing a very interesting sermon by Dr. Gallaudet.

If one could have seen the gymnastic feats, and tug-of-war strength of W. H. Fosmire, one evening not long since, in the studio of Col. Tresch, the impression that printers or compositors as a rule, were generally knocked out after a few years work at the case, would have been removed. His gymnastic feats were marvelous, and his muscular development preponderous.

Rev. Father Belanger has under instruction, preparing for their first communion, and confirmation some sixty-five young deaf-mutes. His services at the De la Salle Institution chapel Sunday afternoon, was very well attended.

Dennis Sullivan, of Haverstraw fame, an artist of some ability, has been in town a few days. He contemplates remaining for good, will pursue his art studies with vigor, and expects to reach the top rung of the ladder one of these fine days.

From most reliable sources, we have the news that our friend from Galway, "Father" McNally, has done gone and set his mind, and will soon enter into the bliss of matrimony. As a financier, Mr. McNally can be set down as one of our ablest, but as a marrying man, he has outwitted his acquaintances. Nothing like "Better late than never."

Since Wm. H. Durian became a Benedict, there is to be found no staidier mute in the city. He holds an excellent and good paying "sit" in the office of the Associated Press, and has of late been getting all the "fat takes" in the way of cuts of the different political parties and leading members of private organizations.

The first ball of the season, that of the Brooklyn Society, will be welcomed when it comes, and there is promise of a large attendance from hereabouts.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Hartford School Exhibition before the Vermont Legislature.

The low, dark, heavy clouds that had lowered over this section of country so often during the past few months, rolled away on Tuesday morning, leaving us a sky of unclouded blue. By special arrangement, a number of pupils were to give an exhibition at Montpelier on October 31st, before the State Legislature. Principal Williams, with Miss Sweet and eight pupils, boarded the noon train on Tuesday, the 30th, and started on their journey.

It was the first time that some of the party had traveled through the State of Vermont. We had heard much of the green hills, green mountains and green pastures of Vermont, and were a little suspicious that, perhaps, the people of the State were slightly tinged with the color of its exquisite ferns. But we are now prepared to say that for picturesque and diversified scenery, for comfortable and well-kept farms, for the intelligence, virtue and energy of its people, there is no State equal to Vermont, except, of course, Ohio.

The journey to Montpelier was full of pleasant surprises, and even politics had to give way to the charming scenery along the Connecticut and White River; but we were glad, after eight hours' riding, to leave the cars, and to find a temporary home in Montpelier's Pavilion Hotel, where the pupils were soon lost in the oblivion of the night. The exhibition was advertised for Wednesday afternoon at 2:30.

On Wednesday morning, the pupils were conducted to the State House to see some of the curious things contained in the cabinets of the various rooms. We had with us Albert Nolan, a blind deaf-mute, and his curiosity, when brought in contact with the various objects of interest, in the historical rooms of the cabinet, was unbounded. A few cannons at the entrance of the Capitol especially puzzled him. Albert felt them all over, put his hand into the cannon's mouth, felt the touch-hole, but he could not make them out. He felt the shaft and wheels and turned to his companion for an explanation. We spelt "gun" to him, but he shook his head. Then we spelled horse-gun to him, put his hand to the cannon-mouth and struck his breast. The gleam of light that flashed across his face was like the light of the sun breaking upon the darkness of the morning.

Afterwards, during the day, if Albert became annoyed with any of the pupils, he would sign to them that if they did not behave, they would get hit with the horse-gun.

The statue of Ethan Allen, with uplifted hand, brought to the minds of us all the capture of Ticonderoga, and we could almost hear the hero's answer, "By the authority of God and the Continental Congress."

The library of the State House contains many interesting old books, papers and letters. An old book presented by Ethan Allen to his wife contained this inscription on the fly-leaf.

"Dear Fanny, wife, the beautiful and young, the partner of my joys, my dearest self, pride of my life, your sex's pride and pattern of politeness yet sincere. To these, a compliment I make of treasures rich, the oracles of reason." It has often been said that Ethan Allen was an infidel, but I am constrained to believe, after reading the above, that he must have been a reader of the Bible, especially of that portion called the Songs of Solomon. The pupils looked with some degree of interest upon this old book presented

by Allen to his wife, but they did not "rave" about it.

The librarian next brought us an autograph letter of Geo. Washington. I called the pupils around, and expected a little show of animation and curiosity over so rare a thing as an autograph letter of Washington's. But when the letter was laid before them, they displayed no more concern about it than Mark Twain and his friends over the letter of Columbus. There were quite a number of erasuros in the letter, and one little girl remarked that Washington made as many mistakes in his letter as she did.

At 2:30 in the afternoon, the hall, where we were to hold our exhibition, was crowded with an audience as attentive and as appreciative as one could wish for. Principal Williams opened with a few timely remarks on the education of the deaf, and their methods of instruction. The opening address was quite brief, and the pupils were soon set to work.

An interesting feature of the exhibition was the reading, by Mr. Williams, of the following composition by an Indian pupil at Hampton, Va.

STORY ABOUT CAT AND PITCHER.

A man, he has one cow and one old cat. One evening he want to get some milk, and he went to that cow. He is milk his cow, but he not get much milk. When the man go through milk, and when come home, that cat come with him. She want some milk to drink, and look up all the time, but that man didn't want give to him, and that cat want some very much, and cry every minutes mew, mew, and that cat going try jumped up on that man, and holds up his tail and followed that man everywhere the man went. When that man got home, his wife took milk-pail and poured in pitcher and put on table, and that cat is watching him, and she come see what is making noise, and there was the cat caught her head in the pitcher, and can't get out. After few minutes he heard something, and he think somebody come after him, and jumped up, and that cat come down from that table and cannot take it off that pitcher, and run away with that pitcher, and two boys run after him. Of course that cat can't see anything, so he just keep on running till he got into the water and got drowned, so I guess this cat is dead of stealing.

The story was then signed to the pupils who ranged from ten to eighteen years of age, and they were requested to write it, never having seen or heard the story before. They presented a capital version of the story, and the contrast between the version as written by the Indian pupil and as written by the deaf, reflected great credit upon our methods of instruction. There were exercises in articulation, a little pantomime, an examination in English History, and some pointed questions on the current political issues of the day. One young man was asked to write out something on the Mills Bill, which was creditably done. Two other pupils were assigned respectively the Sackville-West incident, and Blaine, as subjects of composition.

Nearly two hours were consumed in the exhibition, but the audience remained interested to the close. Rarely has an exhibition, so little prepared for, passed off so well. It was nearly five o'clock before we were able to get away from the hall, but the subject of teaching the deaf and the interest awakened by the presence of Albert Nolan, kept the subject of education before the pupils during the whole of our visit.

We remained in Montpelier until Thursday morning, and then started for home. After riding from nine until two p.m., we arrived at Bellows Falls, where we made a stop of two hours, and visited the paper mills and factories located there. At the depot to meet us was John Keefe, a former pupil of the Hartford School.

John Keefe left school eleven years ago, and returned home, not knowing what to do. He had no money, but managed to secure a loan of five dollars with which he started in business, and began shoemaking. By hard work and industry, he has built up a good trade. He has a handsome shoe store in one of the best locations in the city, and his business is constantly increasing. He is a young man the Hartford School may well be proud of.

One of the nice things about John Keefe is the gratitude he feels for his old Alma Mater, "Hartford," he says, "has done it all." "I owe it all to Hartford." Mr. Keefe is an excellent lip-reader, and carries on nearly all his business orally. The two hours at Bellows Falls passed away rapidly, and at four o'clock we returned to the depot. The train going north had on board Senator Evans, of New York. He looked out of the car window at the group of busy finger talkers with a good deal of surprise. Some of the pupils ventured to salute him, and he gracefully bowed his recognition of the act. By 7:30 p.m., on Thursday evening, we were all back, and Friday morning found the machinery in the same good order which it has maintained for the past seventy years. Three days of uninterrupted sunshine made the trip to Vermont one long to be remembered. There are many other things, we would like to make a few notes of, especially of Montpelier itself and its surroundings, and of the personnel of the legislature of the governor and the other state officials, but enough for the present.

GURNEY.

NOTICE.

The Annual Sale and Parish Reunion of St. Ann's Church, New York, will be held in the basement rooms, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 13th, 14th and 15th in the afternoon and evening. Deaf-mutes and their friends are invited to make a success.

FANWOOD.

The Silentia Harriers Win the Victory.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Attending The American Institute Fair, and Other Items.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The "Harriers" met at Fanwood on Election Day, and by 5 p.m. the long-talked of run was over, and the victory accorded to the "Silentia" by the referees. "Tigg" has commented upon the coming event so much that it seems proper for him to furnish the details for the JOURNAL in next issue, so we leave the coast clear for his lordship.

The Literary Association opened its meeting last Saturday evening, with a debate. The question under discussion was: "Which are in most need of a gymnasium, the boys or the girls?" Messrs. Max Miller and Peter Mitchell defended the male side of the question, while Messrs. Frank Turner and William Coombs espoused that of the females. The debaters were all members of the High Class, and the question was one to excite interest and rivalry between both sexes. The arguments hurled at each side were well pointed, but the champions of the gentler sex strengthened their foothold at each turn, and when President Jones called upon the judges to give their decision, their verdict was in favor of the girls, according to the merits of the debaters. This does not prove, however, that the girls are in more need of a gymnasium than the boys. We believe that both sexes are equally in need of gymnastic exercise, and the sooner one is built and properly equipped, the better it will be for all.

President Jones suggested that the pupils petition the Board of Directors for the use of the top floor of the school building, formerly used as a sleeping dormitory, and to have it properly equipped. President Jones then notified the members that he would tell them a story. In the twinkling of an eye, the pupils prepared themselves for the treat, with an eagerness interesting to see, and for nearly three-fourths of an hour he narrated in graphic signs the story of "The Gun-maker of Moscow," that held the attention of even the dullest pupils.

A pleasant day, an enjoyable trip and a good time at the American Institute Fair was had by all the pupils on Wednesday last week. All along the route by cable road and Third Avenue, the several crowded cars of gesticulating deaf-mutes attracted the curiosity of all the street pedestrians who stopped and stared in a bewildered sort of way at seeing such a large number of persons who talked only with their hands.

The Fair building was reached by noon, and all scattered about in the vast structure in search of information and to gratify their curiosity. Most of the articles on exhibition were about the same as one sees in the shops along the principal business streets of this great city, but there were some things that were never seen before.

By the time they had returned, it was Hallowe'en, but they were so tired out that they did not feel like having any thing extra that day, so the evening passed away without celebrating this old custom, originally the festival of the Druids, and handed down to-day by tradition.

Messrs William Morris, Henriques, O'Dell and Stratton, were among our Sunday deaf-mute visitors.

Mr. Coffin, one of our aristocratic deaf-mute graduates, was up here looking for Prof. Gamage on Thursday, the 1st.

Prof. Fox's foot ball team is getting into fine condition, through daily practice. Gibson McConnell did some fine playing last Thursday.

Richard Tweed, Gibson McConnell and several other pupils have joined the Athletic Club of deaf-mutes recently organized in this city.

Madame LePrince received the sad intelligence this week that her mother was dead. She died in London on October 24th, and Madame has the sympathy of all here in the hours of her bereavement.

Ed. Heller and Joseph Penrose, of Reigelsville, Pa., were in town last Saturday and made a brief call at the Institution. We understand that Mr. Heller invested money in a new Potter steam power printing press.

We are at present in the midst of great political excitement, but as the JOURNAL does not indulge in politics, we cannot express anything more than that the pupils have caught the "badger" fever, and nothing else seems to occupy their minds.

Miss May Martin has become a private teacher of a deaf and dumb girl somewhere on Eighty-fourth Street. She is with her pupil three hours each day, while during the remaining part of the day she keeps up her studies here at the Institution.

The "C. L. S. C." of the Institution still have lectures on every Friday morning. Last Friday, Prof. Jones gave the second chapter in his series of lectures on Greece, and on Sunday, Dr. Peet took up the religious part of the course, which was accompanied by some new ideas not contained in the book.

AQUILA.

Western Pennsylvania.

DEAR JOURNAL:—"All Hallowe'en" falling upon Wednesday this year, the usual pupils' party came off upon Saturday evening, the 27th, to avoid interference with the study hours.

At 7:30, pupils, teachers and visitors assembled in the boys' study, and proceeded to "make time fly," with a merry round of games, until the entrance of nuts, cakes, apples and candy, the treat appropriate to "All Hallowe'en."

During the gastronomic interlude, the company was entertained by story-tellers, and a jig by two of the older boys. Ten o'clock struck, dismay to the hearts of the jolly crowd of little folks all too soon, and with bright "good nights," they trooped off to the dormitories, each with a store of goodies with which to sweeten the morrow.

We have one hundred and sixty-two in attendance this session,—sixty-two girls, one hundred boys, with more to hear from, and all are in good health and spirits as usual.

Mrs. Pettingel, our matron last half-year, resigned in June, and was succeeded by Miss Magee, of Nebraska, Miss Henrietta Bishop, of Poughkeepsie, taking the latter's place as Assistant Matron. Miss Magee finding her strength inadequate to the required duties of her position, has also resigned, and is succeeded by Miss Wilson, of Pittsburgh.

Miss May Williams, late of the Indiana Institution, was the only addition to the Faculty this year.

The "Rotary System" is continued as regards the two older classes, and appears to be satisfactory so far.

The base-ballist hereabouts has given place to the "kicker," and the vision of a foot-ball soaring goalward, is a frequent sight-scene to the recitations our "Rotaries," whose windows overlook the grounds. But, really, there has been very little of out-door recreation of late. Rain, rain and drizzle, is the program, and especially Saturdays! The sun blinks at us now and then, out of one corner of his eye, as it were, and then slinks off of sight behind a cloud to turn on the waterworks again.

Our boys have never been so well supplied with apples, nuts and pears as they have this year. Certain big-hearted farmers welcome them to their orchards, and they fill bags, baskets and boxes with the choicest fruit, and nuts; chestnuts, walnuts, hickory and beech nuts.

Mrs. Brown, our principal's lady, has been quite ill for some time past, suffering with asthma, and its complications with rheumatism. We begin to hope now, though, that she is on the way to recovery, and that her pleasant, motherly face, will soon appear among us again.

Mr. Roberts has settled down to semi-housekeeping with his little family near this Institution, where six others of the Institution people board close by, all meeting at meal-time.

QUIZ.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Two of the inmates, are of Jewish parentage, one is blind, and the other is nearly so.

Mr. E. L. Graham had his first sight of Poughkeepsie, Friday morning. We were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of Mrs. C. M. Nelson, Sunday evening, the 21st of last month, and as her mission was on business connected with the home, she stayed over night.

A fresh supply of lamp brackets were fixed in the house lately.

Monday-week before last, a new kind of oil-cloth, called linoleum, was put on the dining-room floor, and that day the men took their dinner and supper in the front hall near the stairs.

There is some talk of erecting a house a little way up the street where a small barn stands. However, we cannot rely upon the truth of our assertion, because it may be a long time before such a project can be successfully carried out. Whenever this proposed building is ready for occupation, the men will have their quarters in it.

On the afternoon of Wednesday two weeks ago, Miss Ella Clossham and Miss Hattie Haws enjoyed their first visit to Poughkeepsie, a nice long ride of six miles.

Since our last letter, a handsome self-feeding stove has taken the place of the old one in the top hall.

Tom Bauer, who was transferred to Ward's Island last March, is getting along well. His father recently paid him a visit and intends to come here and see his other son.

The chapel was used Sunday morning, the 28th ult., after having been closed several weeks owing to the cold weather, but now there is a little stove in it.

We spent a very pleasant evening in the dining room last Tuesday in remembrance of All Hallow Eve. Mrs. Gardner and her family, having received an invitation, came up from the farm house. Cake and ice cream were served, through the kindness of Mrs. J. L. Banks, one of our lady managers. The refreshments were accompanied by a note from the lady, in which she expressed the hope that we would enjoy the occasion. She is going to Europe soon for the benefit of her health. We all wish her a pleasant voyage and a safe return home.

Manager Thomson attended the monthly meeting, held in New York, on Wednesday evening, the 31st ult. Those of the inmates who have good eyes, say that the Poughkeepsie bridge can be seen from Clinton

Point, yet it seems incredible on account of the distance.

From a letter received by Mrs. Ella Graham last week, from Miss Katie Weinberger, we learn that she and her father are living in Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Weinberger is well known to the deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity.

The Home has three semi-mute graduates of the Fanwood high class, and they were under the immediate instruction of Dr. I. L. Peet, while he had charge of the class in the long ago.

LOUISE.

New Jersey Notes.

Michael Condon, a pupil of this School, was suddenly called home to attend the funeral of his aged grandmother, Mrs. Julia Ryan, of Hoboken, N. J.

Four years ago, we used to live in the country, but we do not live there now, as houses are going up all around us, and we will be soon shut out from the outside world.

Ella Eckel and Ada M. Van Ness attend the Commercial College every morning. They are taking lessons on the type writer under Miss Muse, who takes great interest in her mute pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins went to Philadelphia last Saturday. They called at the Philadelphia School to see Mr. Crouter.

Last Thursday afternoon, a young man calling himself Bertie Vincent, of Minnesota, came to the school to see the boys, stating himself to be a watch and bicycle maker, and after a while, he coaxed three of the ignorant boys to let him have their watches, as they were a little out of order. They consented without further trouble. He said he would return them on Saturday (he is a deaf-mute). In the city, he tried to hire the bicycle of a deaf-mute, telling him he would give him a watch in return as pay. We are glad our friend did not consent to this. If he had, that bicycle would never have seen its rightful owner again. Look out, boys, don't get fooled.

R. C. S.

THE "HOME" SOCIETY.

DEAR EDITOR:—Allow me to encroach once more upon the space of the JOURNAL, in aid of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. When the summer season set in, the co-operation of deaf-mutes in behalf of their beneficiaries was deferred until the fall; most every one was bent on seeking outdoor pleasure and recreation during those warm days. Now we have gathered together again to "stay at home." Let us resume the work of charity and prosecute it with fresh vigor and good will.

Those who are in arrears for their annual contributions due the fund of the Home, are respectfully and earnestly solicited to hasten and drop the mite without delay; also new contributions and donations will be gratefully received.

The Gallaudet Home Excursion of July last was in every way a success and a great credit the gentlemen who got it up for the benefit of the Home. It is hoped that we shall repeat it next summer, as it has become a popular recreation with all parties.

Mr. John Wilkinson kindly remembered the blessed asylum for the helpless aged deaf-mutes. When he delivered a lecture before the Brooklyn Society, he gave away all his lecture earnings to its fund. Who next will follow his excellent example?

It seems that there are parties of ladies and gentlemen that will give social entertainments in this city and Brooklyn this year, in aid of the Home.

There is a new association, called the "Deaf-Mutes' Union League," whose aim is social and beneficial to the welfare of mutes in general. To inaugurate its career, its first act is highly and warmly appreciated,—that is, the scheme of giving a grand ball in December next, and thereby donating half of its net proceeds to the Home. The managers are young gentlemen and popular, and may they meet with success in their undertaking. All respectable and appreciative mutes will promptly respond by showing themselves up at the ball.

The ladies will hold a fair next spring to defray the current expenses of the Home. They are desirous that every one should at once begin to go to work and make bric-a-brac, household articles, or whatever they can devise, for sale. They will meet together occasionally to indulge in their pretty little "conspiracies." Mrs. Frank Roberts will take charge of the Bazaar, and her assistants, all vivacious young ladies, will preside at booths. Gentlemen will have the chance of showing their chivalry to the best advantage. The ladies will feel thankful for donations for the fair.

Below is a brief statement of the subscriptions and donations.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.	
June—Thos. Godfrey,	1 00
" A. A. Barnes,	1 00
July—S. Werner,	1 00
October—Thos. Godfrey,	1 00
" John Wilkinson,	3 00
" A. A. Barnes,	1 00
	8 00
GALLAUDET HOME EXCURSION.	
July—Net profits from sale of tickets, etc.,	114 50
DONATIONS.	
August—J. F. O'Neil,	5 00
September—Carrie H. Park,	10 00
	15 00
During the months of June to October,	137 50
Previously acknowledged amounts,	2,585 49
Grand totals,	\$2,723 93
Respectfully yours,	
ALBERT A. BARNES, Sec'y and Treas.	
G. H. for D. M. Society.	

COLUMBUS.

A "Reading Circle" Organized.

ALL HALLOW EVE PARTY.

An Item or Two.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

As intimated in my last, the Round Table Society held a meeting a week ago last Friday. I was unable to give the outcome then, but have since learned that the attempt to galvanize the corpse into life was a failure, as it had given its last gasp and given up the ghost. An inquest on the remains was held, and the verdict rendered was, "Foully murdered by too much talker." As soon as its demise was officially announced and the nature of the trouble was ascertained, a new society sprang into existence to be known as a "Reading Circle." As it is to be devoted to reading, it is to be hoped that the members with the long tongues will hereafter be silenced, and that the new society will have a chance to live. Certainly the members can obtain more benefit from reading-good books in one hour than they can from listening for hours to long-winded dissertations from shallow-brained orators.

It has been the custom for the boys at the Institution, in common with other boys, to celebrate Hallow Eve by cutting up all manner of pranks both inside and outside of the Institution, but this time the authorities got the best of them, by announcing that a party would be given the pupils on Wednesday evening. This kept the boys busy, when out of school, getting ready to entertain their fair charmers in the evening, and when evening came and with it the party, they were so busy making themselves agreeable that they had no thoughts for any thing else until bed time, and they were too tired for any tomfoolery. The party was a brilliant stroke, and answered its purpose admirably. The boys' play-room was devoted to games of all sorts, and there the greatest crowd congregated, while the girls' play-room, which with its smooth floor so admirably adapted to the purpose, was given up to the roller skates. That sport, although almost out of date elsewhere, still has its devotees here, and some of them are adepts at it as their graceful movements attest. Just before bed time, at ten o'clock, refreshments were served in paper bags, and the little ones went to bed munching candy and apples. The resident mutes in the city were invited, but the only ones present were Willie Rose, Miss Mary Dundon, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dundon, and Misses Elsey and McPeck.

Miss McPeck left for her home on Thursday to see her parents, whom she has not seen for a year and a half. She will return when work picks up at the bindery.

Mrs. Barnhisel has returned to this city from her visit to friends in New York. She is stopping for the present with Mrs. Linn, on Franklin Avenue, but will return to her home at Girard, O., in a few days.

James Haslam called at the Institution during the week.

The marriage of Mr. Dennis Hannan to Miss Emma B. Gray is announced. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Figley, at the home of the bride in East Toledo, on the 25th ult. Both are graduates of the Institution. The best wishes of their friends here go with them.

Miss Ida Jones went down to Cincinnati with the Fays last week, to visit friends there, but when she got there she was so confused by the sights and scenes of a great city that she could not find them. A police man kindly piloted her to the depot, and she returned on the next train.

Willie Rose went to Xenia to-day to attend the funeral of a cousin.

Mrs. Mary F. Straw, step-mother of Miss M. B. Straw, died at her home in Bryan, on Monday, October 29th, at the age of 72. She was admitted as a pupil here in 1833. Miss Straw has gone home to attend the funeral.

The following has been handed me for publication. It speaks for itself:

"We, the undersigned members of the Pay Society, wish to express our thanks for the kind and pleasant attentions shown us by the 'Queen City' Silent Club after our joint debate with the Anderson Society."

JOHN S. LEIB, President,
R. P. PRATT,
E. J. SCOTT.

COLUMBUS, O.

What has become of the Gallaudet Club? It was at one time the most high-toned and successful deaf-mute organization in the country. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

ALBANY NOTES.

Last Saturday, several gentlemen from Albany, went to Troy, expecting to see Dr. Gallaudet lecture, as is usually his custom on the third Saturday of every three months. They were much disappointed at his not present. However, they were not so at having gone up, for soon after the suggestion of a debate on politics was put, and a lively tilt ensued for three full hours. Seeing that no end would come, the Sergeant-at-arms extinguished the lights, so we had to find our way out by groping in the dark. We assure your readers that it was full of fun, not wrath.

There was to have been a debate at the last meeting of the society, but it was postponed on account of the absence of one of the debaters. This fall, a new resolution was passed upon that hereafter the ladies would be called upon to participate in debates and lectures. This was gotten up after the manner that is now followed in several schools, where they have literary meetings. In consulting several gentlemen at the convention in Rochester, we found the plan received recommendation. However, it appears that there is a lack of bravado on the part of the gentler sex, as they assume to think it is for the gentlemen to jeer and sneer at their endeavors to debate. This is all wrong, it is merely for the interest of both by the interchange of intellectual thoughts. May all future prejudices and bashfulness be withdrawn.

DOTS.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Bradshaw (nee Miss Phebe Quinby, also Mr. and Mrs. Colleton (nee Miss Catherine Kinney), all of Quaker Street, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Catter at their cozy home, a week ago, and remained from Saturday till Monday.

Mr. M. J. Kendrick, of the Recorder of Deeds office in Washington, D. C., was summoned home on account of the sudden death of his beloved mother. He will remain here till after election.

Mr. Henry Held has the chicken fever, having occupied his leisure time in fitting up a miniature poultry house, and supplying it with a dozen fowls.

Mr. W. G. Shanks had the privilege of seeing the one thousand pounds, sterling (\$5,000) dog brought to this country recently by J. K. Emmett, the celebrated actor, who assumes the role of "Fritz in Ireland." This gentleman has a magnificent villa above the city, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

Mr. M. R. Palmer, since he assumed the duties of President of our society, has shown himself a well-prepared parliamentary officer.

ALBANY.

A Guest's Ingenious Plan.

The story is told of a young Boston salesman, who, going to the mountains, found there a magnet so strong that he lost account of time, and at length was unable to reconcile the expenses of his prolonged stay with the sum total of funds at his disposal. Then again, were he obliged to leave his trunk behind as security for the balance due, he would arrive in the city with a wardrobe almost as depleted as was that of the famous Flora McFlimsy, and the small amount he would be able to set aside from his moderate weekly salary would be so long in liquidating his summer debt that his case was a desperate one, especially as he was a great dresser. To get the trunk from the house without attracting attention, and consequently preventing an embarrassing scene, was an impossibility; to do without the contents of the trunk appeared equally impossible. He was perfectly honest in his intent to square his account at the earliest moment, but the dreaded interval that must elapse was too fearful to contemplate, with the prospect of his well selected wardrobe about a hundred miles away.

A bright idea entered his mind, affording apparently the only way out of the difficulty. He had been a frequent sender of souvenirs of the mountains to distant friends. He conceived the plan of sending some to his own Boston address. Gradually and stealthily he shipped by piecemeal the contents of his Saratoga, until the latter was very thoroughly denuded of its chief treasures. A vest went Bostonward by mail one day, a coat started in the same direction by express the next, and so it continued until the work was completed, the perfumed and gorgeous trunk receiving as a filling for the void that had been made, a miscellaneous lot of vegetation and other stuff, which had to be smuggled into his room as stealthily as his clothes had been smuggled out. The work being completed the delicate task of interviewing the landlord, acquainting the latter with the guest's financial embarrassment, and of propitiating him by leaving the trunk as security, was finally completed, and the trip made safely homeward; but the city holds at least one returned mountain visitor whose mind is anything but easy, and who is practicing the most rigid economy that he may cancel his indebtedness before a suspicious examination of the trunk may expose his plan of examinations.—*Boston Budget.*

A senator received a queer letter from a man in his own state the other day. The man wanted the senator to introduce in Congress and press to a passage a bill of some kind to prohibit the use of corsets. He expressed the belief that corsets were soul destroying as well as physically injurious. He thought that the women of America were being ruined physically and morally by their use. He thought

that Congress ought to take steps to abolish the corset. The senator has not yet acted upon the suggestion of his correspondent.—*Washington Cor. New York Tribune.*

Fashion Notes.

This is a gold and silver braid season. The bustle is not moribund. It is dead. Brick red or Venetian red shades are in favor. Gobiell blue remains a very fashionable color.

The sleeves of all wraps are made looser and more flowing. Two or more fabrics are used in the combinations of all dressy gowns.

Never was fashion so capricious, varied, and adaptable in her moods as she is this fall.

All fashionable dresses have long draperies and very little looping of the skirts, back or front.

Emerald green is combined with turquoise blue in some of the most elegant toques of this season.

The morning robe most in favor takes the Princess form, but it is made with many modifications.

The round hat or toque, with a straight high crown, sunken in on the top, is a first favorite this season.

King Charles cloth is a fleece-woven woolen cloaking stuff that is much in favor for little girls' "coats."

Fringes, which for some years have been neglected as trimmings, have again been taken into fashionable favor.

Birds' wings and tails, and quill feathers are much used in millinery, but whole birds are no longer seen on hats or bonnets.

The very latest fancy in waists of gowns for grown women is the guimpe bodies, very much like the guimpe waists of little girls.

The wide Empire sash, passed twice around the waist and knotted low on one side, is seen on a number of imported fall costumes.

The variety in styles of wraps, bonnets, hats, gowns and materials this fall make it a dress-as-you-please season and no mistake.

The new French friezes are among the warmest fleece woven cloakings that come for children's wear. They are very thick, but light as a feather.

New waterproof garments come in the form of loose fitting Raglan and Newmarkets with capes, and in plaids, checks and stripes, with fine velvet finish.

All shades of green are immensely fashionable, and combinations of green with blue browns and Venetian reds are seen in Paris millinery and Paris gowns.

The ends of ribbon bows and the fringes of cut cloth are given the finish of passementerie spikes or ball on many of the dressiest garments for big and little people.

The favorite style for the cloth gown is the Directors, but dressy tolets of silk, broche, moire, and plush demand the dressier lines and fulness of the Empire styles.

Green is an extremely fashionable color, and in its various shades of emerald, lapis lazuli, and beryl is fashionably combined with blues, olives, browns and dull reds.

Many of the gowns seen at the openings and private displays of dress departments during the past week, were priced at figures ranging from \$400 to \$700, and some were at \$1,000. Who buys all these costly gewgaws of fashion?

The buttons on dresses and wraps are features this fall. A set of fine artistic buttons costs almost as much as jewels, and they are gems of art in the way of carving, enameling, cut and faceted metal and opaline and "cat's-eye effects" in uacore or mother of pearl, in all tints and shades of color.

Inside waistcoat, handsomely braided, are seen on the new coats for little girls' wear this fall. The outside of the garment may be of French frieze, King Charles' cloth, beaver or fine chinchilla, but the waistcoats and large revers are of velvet, plush or fine cloth. Rich braid patterns adorn the waistcoat and revers, generally of gold or tinted metal braid, but the collars cuffs and outside trimmings are fine long frill fare, such as Russian or Rocky Mountain bear, badger, fox and Persian lamb, white, black, and dyed in various colors to match the cloaking cloths. Big and little buttons and cords and tassels are a marked feature.—*N. Y. Sun.*

No Man Can Serve Two Masters.

He who lives for money must be contented with money alone as the return of his labor; he must not expect attainment of reputation in any other line than that of a money-getter. And in order to get money, he must work and plan on the plane of mere money-getters. It is true that a man gets money in the line of an ennobling business or profession, but not if money-getting is his prime object there. No man can be foremost in any exalted pursuit if he cares more for the money returns of that pursuit than for the pursuit itself. No physician can become eminent in his profession who cares more for his fees than for his patients. No lawyer can be a great lawyer who gives the first place in his thoughts to what he is to make out of every case he undertakes. No manufacturer or inventor can rise above his average fellows while he thinks chiefly of money-getting. No man can serve two masters in any of life. If money is what he lives for, he must find his satisfaction in money-getting. Peculiarly it is true that literature and art are pursuits that forbid success to those who enter them as money-seekers.

THE JEWS OF THE WORLD.

Mr. J. F. Mocotta, in his recent interesting lecture on Judaism, estimated the total number of Jews throughout the world between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000. In the United Kingdom there are about 100,000, of whom seven-tenths are in London, the great part of the remainder being in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Birmingham. Scotland reckons only 1,500, and Ireland, 1,000. In the British Colonies there are something less than 20,000. In France there are 70,000, of whom 40,000 are in Paris. About 40,000 were transferred upon the annexation of the provinces to the German Empire, among whose 50,000,000 of inhabitants 600,000 belong to this remarkable race. Jews are found in large numbers along the Northern coast of Africa, as well as in Abyssinia. In America there are 500,000, and Jews dwell in Mexico and in almost every state of South America. There are supposed to be from 40,000 to 50,000 in Persia, 10,000 to 15,000 in the Khanates, and about the same number each in the countries of India, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland has also considerable Jewish population. The influx of Jews in Palestine from other parts of the Turkish dominions, and also from Poland, Russia and Central Europe, which has been going on from the early part of the present century, is a noteworthy fact. The Turkish Government is described as showing an entire toleration, but is not favorable to an immigration into Palestine, a circumstance attributed to fear of the inroad of European ideas. The state of the Jews in the Holy Land is, according to this authority, not a happy one. There is but little outlet for their energies. A large number give themselves up to Hebrew studies, while the bulk of them eke out of a miserable livelihood by small industries, apparently aided, but in reality intensified in pauperism, by the pernicious system of "halukin" for the distribution of alms sent from various countries, which are doled out among the Jewish population in small sums.

Household Hints.

Hold a hot shovel over furniture to remove white spots.

Asafetida in tomato catsup is said to give the indescribable "touch" of perfection to it.

To prevent soggy undercrusts, so common in fruit pies, rub them with the white of an egg.

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh.

To extract ink from wood, scour with sand wet with water and ammonia. Rinse with strong saleratus water.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor, wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

To restore gilding to picture frames, remove all dust with a soft brush and wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with a cloth.

Mildew is easily removed by rubbing common yellow soap on the articles, and then a little salt and starch on that. Rub all well on the article and put in the sunshine.

A good cement for mending a stove that has a crack in it may be made by mixing silicate of potash or soluble glass with wood ashes. This cement will not bear moisture.

To prevent the juice from pies running over in spite of every other precaution, prepare little funnels of white paper, thrust in the center of the pie, through which the juice and steam may escape.

MASQUERADE BALL

OF THE
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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column a QUARTERLY ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jahring, Pres't; Jacob Swartz, First Vice-President; Alex. Bataille, 2d Vice-President; Chas. L. Schindler, Secretary; T. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Mullan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Schindler, 301 Floyd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses I. Aaronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Shanks; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, C. F. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 233 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, occur the second, third and last Thursday, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds meetings in Anderson Hall, 10, West 5th Street, on the first and third Sunday of each month at 8 p.m. Visitors can be invited by members. The President is Ardine Rembeck, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, 406 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room, St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, above Chestnut Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, every fortnight, and the members are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement of its members. Washington Houston is President, James S. Heider, Secretary, 1508 Summer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a social improvement, and to keep the needy in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members meeting comes every month at Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street, until further notice. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Frank C. D. M., in this order: Mrs. Bertha G. Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. George A. Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde Hazard, Mrs. Wm. Lynde Hazard, Rudolph. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

DEAF-MUTES UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer connection the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Rosenheim, 331 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

DE L'EPPE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 230 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 p.m. Its object is to give character and covers a wide scope. Visitors always cordially welcomed. Elam Will, President, 208 Ferry Street; C. Delory, Vice-President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Felix Pach, Secretary. Address, 230 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, 316 Bushkill St.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the "Cambridge Society") holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's clericalmen appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasional. The officers for 1888 are: Wm. F. Frieb, President; Robert Dockhart, Vice-President; A. W. Orcutt, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie B. White, President; William A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

HOBOKEN DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The object of the above organization is to promote the Social intercourse of its members. Only deaf-mutes of Hudson County can become members. For the present, the members meet at 147 W. 9th St. All communications should be addressed to Anthony Capelli, 102 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and news and amusements to its members and their friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." The officers are: C. C. Codman; President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. C. Kleinhamer, Secretary and Treasurer. Secretary's address is 833 N. Clark St.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 13, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, George T. Dougherty; Vice-President, Geo. D. Hunter; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Leo Froning; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. J. Gill; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and A. N. Merrell. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meetings are held every Wednesday evening, at 8 p.m., in St. Charles Borromeo school building, 23 Sidney place, near Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y. President, J. P. Donnelly, 102 Broadway, Brooklyn; Secretary, Frank Cassidy, Corner Washington Avenue and Union Street, Brooklyn.

THE EPIPHATHA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Epiphatha Club was organized in October, 1886. Its object is to promote social relations of its members. Its annual meeting for the election of officers take place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club room, at 18 Essex St., by applying to the President, or to any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Krause; Vice-President, Edward Duran; Secretary, George C. Sawyer; Treasurer, W. T. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley; Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John Magee and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's address is Epiphatha Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 p.m., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are President, J. M. Whitbeck; First Vice-President and Secretary, J. L. Connors; Second Vice-President, H. D. Trevelyan; James C. Ritter, and Sergeant-at-Arms, C. Bass. It has also a Bible Class at the Guild room every Sunday at 8 o'clock p.m., under the leadership of its Chairman, All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. Secretary's address is N. S. Vedder's Pattern Works, Troy, N. Y.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officers by Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, 183 Fort Hill Square, Boston, Secretary; Levi A. Johnson, Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. Frenn, for New Hampshire; J. T. H. Keen, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairmann, for Connecticut; and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edw. C. Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 3 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are: Hardy P. Clifton, President; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chapman, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

THE SICARD CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock p.m., every Sunday. This Association being a branch of the De l'Epee C. D. M. A., has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. J. McNeil, President pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional help to any Union Society, which may be in need of any kind of aid; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: W. Frieb, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

TOUSLEY SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Tousley Society meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., at 70 East Seventh Street. Its object is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: Matthew McCook, President; J. F. Riley, Secretary; Fred Brant, Treasurer. Business meetings or lectures on story telling, mystery plays, etc., on any week evening by a vote. Strange deaf-mutes of good habits in general are cordially invited to make themselves at home. The Secretary's address is 70 East 7th Street, St. Paul, Minn.

THE KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Kansas City Deaf-Mute Literary and Debating Society hold their meetings every second Saturday, at residences of its members. The object of the society is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community. The officers are: John R. Laughlin, President; Edward Paxton, Vice-President; Mrs. Anna C. Greeley, Secretary; Vice-President, Joseph A. Markbury; Treasurer, Peter Weare, Secretary. All strangers of good behavior are invited to attend. Address all communications to John R. Laughlin, 1715 Campbell Street, Kansas City, Mo.

WESTERN PENNA PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Start Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th Street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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BALL

OF THE

FANWOOD SOCIAL CLUB

OF

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AT NILSSON HALL, 15th STREET AND IRVING PLACE,

Wednesday, January, 30, 1889.

(Doors open at 8 p.m. Dancing begins at Ten.)

MUSIC BY R. E. SAUSE.